Mirror Image

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by hartfeathers

Summary

"My name is Will Graham and this used to be my house." he replies evenly as he slowly turns around.

"Don't lie to me!" the voice shouts, wavering slightly as if the implication of being deceived is so profoundly upsetting and it strikes a chord in Will.

He is about to reassure the man that he isn't lying but the words are stolen from his throat as he finally comes face to face with the occupant of the house. Standing opposite him, steadily holding a gun even as his voice shakes, is Will Graham.

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Inspired by one of @blessedapollo's gorgeous artwork, 'Adapt, Evolve, Become', link in notes.

Prompt - Jagged Shards of Mirror

Notes

Hannibal Bingo Fill: Prompt - Jagged Shards of Mirror

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This work was completely inspired by Nunar's stunning art 'Adapt, Evolve, Become' - https://twitter.com/blessedapollo/status/1610715785793769472?t=CFplOoK7TcpmWKmbxzP8Tw&s=19

It was only once I started writing that I realised it fitted nicely with the Bingo prompt.
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Chapter 1

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Will stares up at the ceiling as he lays in his bed watching the dark sprawling shadows of trees cast by the bright moonlight dance above him. It has been months since the fall, since he cast himself and Hannibal into the sea and surprisingly they emerged, not unscathed but alive. Their physical wounds have healed with time but psychological, not so much.

Hannibal is faring better than he, flourishing outside the glass cage that held him for three long years but he's still cautious of Will and rightly so but he can tell that the older man is slowly letting go of that wariness and is just enjoying being together, despite Will's cold attitude and sharp words. Will, however, is fractured. As he hit the water that night something within him once again shattered, his psyche splintering beneath the ocean waves like shards of a broken mirror and he hasn't yet been able to piece them back together. His mind is a pitfall of trauma, disassociation and confusion - he feels torn between the two versions of himself that exist within, and in that confusion he has become the monster he so feared.

He has killed more than once and each time is messy and brutal, vicious and bloody - his actions more animal than man. Later, when the adrenaline has subsided, when he's under the cool spray of the shower watching blood swirl down the drain, he feels the distant echo of horror somewhere in his chest and the noticeable absence of guilt. He feels empty, the space beneath his ribcage hollowed out, the sound of his steadily beating heart lost to the abyss. He has surrendered almost completely to his darkest urges and has lost sight of his compassion and ability to be gentle. He knows this isn't who he is, not completely, this is the extreme of who he is capable of being and it isn't sustainable. He feels the faint screams of his other half reverberating in his mind, the sound of it ringing in his ears and making his head pound. It's on those days that he becomes disconnected, he wanders the house in a state of disassociation, reliving old memories and jumping at his own shadow. It feels so reminiscent of the months he spent afflicted by encephalitis, fevered and confused, never knowing what is real, forever questioning himself and Hannibal - whom he usually avoids out of old, subconscious fear.

He just wants it to stop. He's so tired of feeling on edge and fighting with himself, tired of swinging between these two extreme versions of himself. He wants to embrace this new life with Hannibal. He wants to shake off the remains of his old shell, his old life, and to do that he needs to reconcile his two broken halves. He needs to bring together those jagged shards of his mind because there are pieces of himself that he needs lest he completely lose himself, forever.

He sighs deeply as he feels a shaky calmness settle over his mind that only seems to come about in the late hours of the night, soothed by the blanket of soft silence and silver starlight. He closes his eyes and breathes.

He awakens, somehow, in his home in Wolf Trap, his little boat on the ocean - it's been so long since he stepped foot in this house. It all looks the same, his bed in the middle of the

living room, his lure tying gear laid out neatly on his desk and it even smells the same - the scent of books, crisp fog that rolls over the fields, traces of whiskey and the comforting smell of dogs. His pack is absent which makes his heart ache but he smiles faintly when he hears a distant scuffle of feet, low murmur of snoring and huff of a bark from upstairs indicating his pack sleeping soundly in the guest room. Though he would love to see them he decides better of it, it would only make him miss them more. He looks out the window at the night outside, the foreboding stretch of darkness that looms beyond his door.

"Who are you and how did you get into my house?" he feels a shiver of surprise at the sound of a voice behind him, followed by the faint click of the safety on a gun.

He raises his arms slowly in a gesture of surrender but self confidence rolls though him, firmly settled in the skin of his monstrous self, he knows that no matter who he will face or what weapon they have it will be no match for his ferocity.

"My name is Will Graham and this used to be my house." he replies evenly as he slowly turns around.

"Don't lie to me!" the voice shouts, wavering slightly as if the implication of being deceived is so profoundly upsetting and it strikes a chord in Will.

He is about to reassure the man that he isn't lying but the words are stolen from his throat as he finally comes face to face with the occupant of the house. Standing opposite him, steadily holding a gun even as his voice shakes, is Will Graham.

For several moments all he can do is stare back at the mirror image of himself that stands across the room in a state of mild shock and confusion. He has no idea if he's dreaming or if by some miracle he has travelled through time in ways Hannibal could only try to equate because he realises the man opposite him isn't a reflection of him now, it's a younger version. The Will Graham he is facing has a slightly thicker thatch of stubble on his jawline, his curls are wild and unruly, glasses are perched on the bridge of his nose and there is no scar on his cheek. But more so than his appearance it's the aura of vulnerability that surrounds him that gives him away, it radiates from him like an irresistible pheromone, the taste of it hanging sweetly in the air. He suddenly understands Hannibal's initial draw to him in almost perfect clarity, to a predator that delicious aroma of vulnerability is a call like no other.

If he has to guess, this is Will Graham mere weeks before encephalitis begins to fester in his mind. The momentary thought of telling him everything, about the illness and Hannibal, flits across his mind - a brief flame that snuffs out just as quickly. He doesn't know if it would be of any use and if he has somehow travelled back in time he has no idea what ramifications his actions may have. The butterfly effect and all, his whispers may crush the chrysalis instead of protecting it. And really, would he want to change it? Even with all the pain and suffering he got to experience something unique with Hannibal and though he can't enjoy it yet he has a new life with him, a life free of shame and fear where he can be completely himself, dark urges and all. Hannibal has offered him a gift and, despite how much it hurts, he doesn't want to reject it, he wants to embrace it.

Just as he has been observing his younger self, the other man has been eyeing him. Will watches the younger man carefully and notices how his gaze keeps flicking to the space

above his head, he sees them too - huge white, blood stained antlers that now protrude from his skull.

"What are you?" he asks, his voice trembling only slightly.

Will's lips quirk a little because he knows that tremor is only partially born from fear, he hears the low undercurrent of excitement, he knows the thrill that races through their body in the presence of *danger*.

"I'm you, Will. I'm who you will become."

"Stop lying!"

He holds his hands up placatingly, "I'm not lying, Will. I would never lie to you." he takes one small step forward. "Our name is Will Graham. We were born on April 4th in Louisiana, we were raised by our father. One of our prevailing memories is when we were sick he would make soup from a can for us and stroke our hair, the memory is so vivid we sometimes think we can still feel his calloused fingers." The younger man's arms falter, lowering the gun just a little, so Will takes another step towards him. "Every year, on February 15th, we buy a box of expensive whiskey truffles." Young Will has gone almost completely lax, his arms by his side, the gun held limply in his hand. "The first man we ever slept with was our abnormal psychology professor at the academy," Will smirks as the other man sucks in a sharp breath, he knows they have never told anyone about this, "on graduation day he invited us to his office and fucked us on his desk. We *loved* it."

He takes one more step and closes the space between them, standing toe to toe with his younger self. He smiles, a little cruel yet also indulgent, as he takes the gun from his slightly trembling hand, he flicks the safety and then tosses it onto the sofa out of reach. He looks deep into those sea glass eyes he knows so well, they swim with confusion and a small amount of fear but there's also curiosity and fascination. He smirks and removes Will's glasses, placing them on the side table, "You don't need those with me, little lamb, there are no barriers between us."

He makes shushing sounds as he edges closer to the younger man who makes small whining noises as he moves into his personal space. Will places his hands on the other's hips and slowly pushes his t-shirt upwards to reveal the body beneath, his actions surprisingly gentle contrasting sharply with the blood on his hands that stains the skin of Will's ribs. He doesn't know if the blood is his own or that of one of his victims and he honestly doesn't care, seeing the dark crimson blood smeared on his skin and that of his younger self is an exhilarating rush, one that is accompanied by an unexpected flash of arousal. His little lamb is so stunned that he allows Will to do as he pleases, stretching his arms so his t-shirt can be removed and discarded. Will looks at the now revealed old bullet wound from their days as a cop, he traces his fingertips over the raised flesh knowing that this is the first time anyone has touched it since it healed. Silently he unbuttons his own white blood stained shirt and reveals the matching wound, he takes Will's hand and places it on his skin so he can inspect it and realise the truth beneath his fingers.

Will's gaze flicks up at the small breathy gasp emitted by the younger man, he can see the confusion and conflict in his eyes - the desire for touch warring with the impossibility of the

situation and the need to deny himself, to deny the literal embodiment of his darkest urges.

He reaches up and caresses his cheek, he feels an urge to be gentle with the younger man, the desire to be tender and soft in a way he hasn't felt since the cliff. He wants to give this younger version of himself the attention and affection he never received from another person. His heart aches for them both when Will can't help but nuzzle into his hand, so starved of human touch.

"Oh, my little lamb." he says softly and he swipes his thumb over Will's cheek as an unbidden tear escapes, so overwhelmed that his emotions can't help but spill over. The tear turns pink as it mixes with blood on both their skin.

The younger man makes small hitching sounds, little sobs caught in his throat, "Monster." he whimpers, even as he inches closer, drawn to the warm body like a moth to flame.

Will smiles, "Yes, lamb, *your* monster."

He firmly grips Will's jaw and tilts the man's head to the side, forcibly exposing his throat, and he can see that for a moment he panics - the innocent lamb trapped in the snare of a wolf. He can't help the shiver of lust and satisfaction that courses through him, nor the way his cock has begun to swell, hardening in his slacks as he pins the younger man in place like a butterfly. He cocks his head and observes the man in his grasp, his reflection from years ago, and it should feel odd to be attracted to him, to be attracted to himself but it wouldn't be all that different from masturbation, would it? This isn't what he had in mind when he felt the need to give him affection but he can't deny he wants it, and by the way his little lamb trembles in his grasp, the way his eyes turn dark with more than just fear, Will knows he wants it too - even if he wouldn't want to admit it.

He grins sharply, exposing his teeth, then leans in and licks along Will's neck from the dip of his collarbone to the hinge of his jaw, tasting the slight salt tang of his skin and a hit of iron where his hands left blood in their wake. The younger man sucks in a shocked breath at the move but doesn't struggle and Will smirks into his neck before biting the point where his pulse flutters beneath the skin. His lamb moans and leans his head back, subconsciously offering himself even more, his body screaming for touch and attention. Will sucks the skin between his teeth harshly and then trails tiny little kisses along the throat beneath his lips, revelling in the shaky gasps his younger self makes. He lets his free hand wander Will's naked chest, pausing to pinch the pretty pink nipple that has stiffened in the cool air and he can't help but groan deep in his throat when his lamb whines and arches eagerly into his touch. He trails his hand down, curious, to the front of Will's boxers and chuckles as his hand cups a very hard cock. "Oh, little lamb, what do we have here?"

The younger man makes a slightly panicked and conflicted sound, and begins to squirm as Will calls attention to his arousal. "Please."

Will licks his lips and he can almost taste the reluctant desire rolling off the young profiler in waves, "What are you pleading for so sweetly? You want me to stop?" he asks coyly as he strokes over the erection under his hand, smirking when Will shudders, "No, I think you want more, don't you, sweetling?"

"Pl-ah!" His begging is stilted when Will slides his hand into the young man's underwear.

"*Oh*, little lamb," he croons, "You're so hard, sweet boy," he swipes his thumb over the head of Will's cock and growls, "and *wet* for me."

His lamb sobs beneath his touch, "Please, mon loup, *please*."

Will groans at his words, his little lamb calling him '*his wolf*' in soft French as he begs for him. He kisses his neck, "Please, what?"

"Please, *more*."

"Good boy." Will swoops up and captures his lamb in a kiss, passionate and all consuming. His boy whines as Will licks into his mouth, swiftly dominating the kiss and groaning when the younger man submits, kissing him back hungrily.

Will strugs his shirt from his shoulders and guides his lamb towards their bed, only when they reach it does he release his lips, grinning as he gazes upon the boy's swollen red mouth. He sits on the edge of the bed and pulls Will to stand between his spread thighs, looking up to see the other man panting slightly and gazing at him with anticipatory desire. He smirks and strokes his hands over Will's lower abdomen, tracing his fingers over the unblemished skin, he leans forward and kisses a line across the man's stomach, a ghost of a warning for what's to come.

His attention is caught by Will's fingers, they twitch restlessly by his sides, he smiles and looks up, "You can touch me, my lamb." he guides one hand into his soft hair, humming in pleasure as long fingers thread though his tamed curls.

He nuzzles into the slight softness of Will's stomach, kissing the skin just above his waistband before slowly pushing his boxers down to pool on the floor, leaving the young man completely naked. He strokes up and down his thick thighs, roaming his hands to stroke over his ass, kneading the plush cheeks a little before taking hold of the pink, weeping cock in front of him. Will makes a wounded sound above him and clutches at his shoulder, his nails digging into his skin just a bit and the zing of pain makes his arousal burn brighter.

He licks the jut of Will's hip bone and coos gently, "You're so hard, my lamb, it's been so long since someone touched you, hasn't it?"

The younger man just trembles and bites his lip in an effort to stifle his desperate noises, Will tuts at him and uses his thumb to coax his lamb's lip from his mouth. He slides his thumb into Will's parted lips, cursing lowly as the young man curls his tongue around his digit and sucks. He reluctantly draws his hand back, enjoying the slightly dazed expression on Will's face, "I want to hear you, sweetling."

He turns his attention back to his cock, he holds it by the base and presses a chaste kiss to the sticky head and licks the precum from his lips, humming pleasantly at the slight salty tang of it. Encouraged by Will's whimpers and the fingers clenching in his hair he wraps his lips around the younger man's cock, he slowly bobs his head, taking more of Will's cock into his throat on each glide. He can hear his lamb panting above him, he smiles around the cock in

his mouth as the sweet boy threads his other hand into his hair, using both hands to hold him in place - he's probably not even aware he's doing it.

As he continues to languidly suck Will's cock he feels fingers cautiously brush against the base of one of his antlers, the digits still where flesh meets bone clearly waiting for his reaction. He gives none, he tongues the head of his boy's cock and swallows him down once more. Young Will takes it as permission and slowly slides his fingertips up one crimson stained antler, his caress wanders over the tines. The sensation is unique and a little odd, as if someone was touching a limb gone numb, muffled but sensitive. Will shivers as his younger counterpart wraps his fingers around the base of his antler, the hold sends frissions of electric pleasure racing down his spine and he hums deep in his throat, the rumbling sounds almost like a rough purr. He slows his movements until he is simply holding the head of the younger man's cock on his tongue and waits, after a few stretched moments he feels his lamb's grip on his antler tighten and he uses his hold to pull Will back onto his cock. Will grins, his lips stretched wide around the thick erection as the boy holds him by his hair and antler, using them as leverage to force Will to suck his cock. *Atta boy*.

He allows the sweet boy to guide his head for a few minutes, letting him take control of the pace and depth, letting him bask in pleasure of his choosing. His show of assertiveness makes his blood burn. Will carefully drags his teeth along the underside of the boy's cock and grins when he moans loudly, his thighs shaking as his cock pulses on Will's tongue. He squeezes the base of his cock and pulls away, the hands on his head relax as he seamlessly takes back control. He strokes Will's hip and shushes the boy gently as he whimpers, "Look at you, little lamb, so desperate for me."

"Please," he cries, his fingers clenching and releasing in Will's hair, almost kneading him like a kitten.

Will licks his lips, "I like hearing you beg, sweetling, but you'll only come when I say you can." He feels a sadistic thrill race through his blood when Will sobs at the denial but submits to him nonetheless.

Will pets the young man's thighs and stomach, soothing him even as he smiles wryly and makes faux sympathetic noises, his lamb mewls weakly under the teasing attention. He firmly grips Will's hips and pushes so the boy takes a couple of steps backwards, when the boy tries to resist him he makes a stern 'tsst' sound as he does when disciplining his dogs.

"That's right," he murmurs when Will goes lax and submits to his commanding hands.

He smirks when the boy makes a small yearning sound in his throat when Will removes his touch, an unbidden sound that reveals just how needy for him his lamb has already become. He stands and unbuttons his slacks, enjoying the hitched breath Will emits as he pushes down his trousers and then discards them, now the both of them are completely naked, bare and vulnerable to each other.

Will reels his lamb back in by a hand his neck, pulling him closer until there is barely a breath of space between them but he maintains that last little piece of distance. He shudders as the boy whines and feels his breath wash over his lips, the inch between their open mouths is hot and damp, tingling with anticipation. When young Will moves forward, searching for a

kiss, he leans back just slightly and grips the hair at the base of his neck making him moan. Will takes advantage and licks his tongue, once again moving away when he searches for a kiss, denying him. He wants him to ask for it, *beg for it*. He wants Will to give voice to his desires, to face them instead of trying to hide from them.

"Tell me, my lamb." he whispers against his open mouth, flicking his tongue against those soft, plush lips.

"Please."

"You have to say the words, sweet boy," he pets his nape gently, "I'll give you what you want, ma moitié, all you need to do is ask." The tender French endearment slips seamlessly from his lips as he gazes into the desperate ocean of his younger self's eyes.

The boy reaches out and grabs Will's shoulder in an effort to bring them closer, Will is reminded of the moment in Hannibal's kitchen and how he had clutched the other man, it's almost bitterly ironic that he finds himself in this embrace once more. "Please, my monster," Will feels his gut clench with dark desire at the words, "*kiss me*."

"Good boy," he growls and then captures his lips, pulling their bodies together as he kisses him ferociously, swallowing the whines he makes. He reaches between them and takes their cocks in hand, they both moan as their stiff cocks rub against each other, their precum making them slick. Will uses both hands to grip their cocks, stroking them and revelling in the feel of them hot and hard in his hands. It feels so sinful and forbidden, like masturbating for the first time but twofold - the pleasure between them is a twisted feedback loop, winding them both tighter with arousal.

He spins them and uses his body to press the boy down until he sits on the bed behind him, as he pulls away Will bites down hard on his bottom lip and he can't help the wanton moan that slips out when he feels the skin break and blood spill into his mouth. The boy quickly releases his hold allowing Will to stand up, he presses his fingers to his lip and gazes down at the fresh blood on his skin. He feels his hard cock pulse and leak when he looks at his little lamb who is staring up at him, shocked by his own action with blood smeared across his mouth and staining his teeth. Will mutters a curse and swoops down to kiss him again, pushing his tongue into his mouth so he can't taste the blood he's spilt - both of them moan at the sinful metallic tang of it.

He reluctantly breaks the crimson stained kiss and splays his fingers over Will's smooth chest, he pushes the boy backwards until he's sprawled on the bed. He makes a delicious sight - panting and flushed, eyes dark with arousal, his mouth wet with blood and his cock lying heavy against his belly. Will can't help but stroke his own cock as he looks down at him, groaning as he touches his aching erection. Young Will licks his lips as he watches him and subconsciously spreads his legs.

"Move back for me, sweetling," he rasps and lets go of his cock.

He smirks a little as his boy scrambles backwards, eager to follow his orders. Will crawls up the bed until he's leaning over him, the younger body trapped beneath his own. He presses a chaste, almost sweet, kiss to Will's lips and then swiftly moves down his jawline and neck,

leaving a trail of kisses and blood on his warm skin. He traces his lips over his chest and hovers his mouth over his nipple, he smiles when the boy shivers and makes an imploring noise as he arches under him. Will licks the pebbled nipple lightly and then sucks harshly, rolling it between his teeth delighting in the tortured mewling of his lamb. He kisses down his ribcage and over his hip, he licks the head of Will's cock just to taste the precum leaking from the slit but doesn't linger. He looks up from where he lies between Will's spread legs and smirks when the boy looks down at him. He puts his hands under his thighs and guides them up until young Will gets the hint and holds his legs open.

Will casts the boy a wicked glance before flicking the tip of his tongue over his hole, grinning as the body beneath him twitches and his lamb gasps in surprise. But he doesn't give him a chance to catch his breath, he licks from his tailbone to his testicles, pressing against his perineum and enjoying the way he squirms. He grabs Will's thighs to keep him in place and pulls him onto his mouth as he pushes his tongue inside him, he can feel the younger man quiver and arch beneath him. He licks his hole and thrusts his tongue into him eagerly, feeling the muscle soften and relax beneath his mouth as the boy whines and gasps from the sensations. Will can taste blood pooling in his mouth from the bite on his lip, he grinds his hips into the mattress and moans as he thrusts his blood covered tongue into the boy, wetting him with spit and blood.

He finally pulls away, albeit reluctantly, panting and burning with lust. He looks up at his lamb who looks *wrecked*, panting and trembling with his cock drooling precum and flushed red. Will smiles at him then reaches up and places his fingers against his mouth, "Get them nice and wet, little lamb."

His younger self wastes no time and immediately takes the digits into his mouth, sucking on them eagerly. Will nuzzles into the inside of the boy's thigh, pressing kisses to the skin as his fingers are suckled. He hisses and looks up in surprise when teeth bite into his fingers, he raises his eyebrow when the boy just stares back at him and moans when he bites him again. He laughs huskily and grins as he presses his fingers against Will's tongue and feels his mouth flood with saliva. He removes his fingers which are now wet with spit and indented with teeth marks, he rubs them down Will's perineum and over his wet clenching hole as he lightly kisses his thigh.

Young Will arches and moans as he slips two fingers into him, thrusting gently into his relaxed hole. He doesn't take his eyes off his lamb as he fingers him, he watches the way he shivers and writhes on his hand. He grips his own cock as he thrusts three wet fingers into the boy, massaging him and lightly rubbing against his prostate just to see him throw his head back and howl. He curses under his breath and tries to keep himself in check as arousal courses through him, the young body beneath him is the picture of debauchery and it's setting his blood on fire.

"Mon loup, please," Will cries and he rolls his hips down into the fingers inside him, "*please*!"

"Oh, my lamb," he coos, "you beg so prettily for me." He tuts softly at the boy and stills his fingers, keeping them deep inside Will as he speaks, "You know what I need, sweetling."

He sobs as he rocks his hips on Will's still hands, desperately seeking his own pleasure, "Please, my monster, fuck me."

Will snarls and removes his fingers, shushing his lamb as he cries his protests, "Hush, now, my good boy, I'll give you what you want."

He grabs Will's legs and pulls the boy towards him until he's cradled between his thighs. He licks his own hand and then, with only a moment's consideration, bites his lip to deepen the cut causing blood to drip profusely from the wound. He holds his palm beneath his open mouth and then strokes his cock to coat it in the mixture of blood and saliva. He rubs the head of his cock against Will's wet, relaxed hole, the boy wraps his legs around him and he has to brace himself on his free hand when he falls forward from the force of Will clenching his legs in an effort to impale himself on his cock. Will grins, "My good, naughty boy." and thrusts into him in one insistent glide.

They both moan loudly at the sensation of finally being joined, both of them still and pant heavily as they adjust and try not to orgasm immediately as pleasure crashes through them in great waves. Will gazes at the young man beneath him and feels a sense of tenderness wash over him, he wants to cherish this vulnerable and compassionate man just as much as he wants to encourage his darkness. He wants to give this man affection whilst teasing him mercilessly, he wants this man to look at him and accept him - to accept the darkest parts of himself instead of rejecting them. And he wants to embrace him too, he wants to reunite with those softer parts of himself - he wants them to finally stop existing separately, he wants them to conjoin.

He leans on his elbows and ducks down to nudge his lamb's nose with his own, an innocent and sweet gesture that he didn't think he was capable of showing until now. Will emits a shy, pleased sound and lightly kisses his lips, soft as a butterfly wing in its cautious delicacy. He hums approvingly and kisses the boy, tender and unhurried unlike their animalistic devouring only minutes ago. For several moments they luxuriate in indulgent kisses, languid sweeps of hot tongues and the sensation of being so intimately joined. But his boy becomes impatient, his desperate desire returning as the passionate kisses fan the flames of the heat within. Will moans as his abused lip is bitten once more, blood slicks their lips and the sound of their kisses becomes almost obscene, he groans and grinds his hips when his cunning little lamb sucks harshly on his injured lip. He pulls away sharply despite wanting nothing more than to encourage the young man's bloodlust because the sinful, delicious act has brought forward the urgency of his arousal and his cock throbs painfully.

"Are you ready, sweetling?" he rasps.

His boy nods eagerly, his legs tightening around his waist, "Yes, *fuck me*, mon loup."

Will growls and draws back his hips then slams them forward, pleasure rocks through them both as he wastes no time in setting a brutal pace. He fucks into his younger self hard and fast, the boy claws at him as he pins him to the bed, their actions primal and almost animalistic - raw, unfettered desire.

Will shifts the angle of his hips and chuckles triumphantly when his lamb sobs beneath him, arching his back and pressing his hips down as Will nails his prostate time and time again. He

watches as the young man becomes a mess, whining and quivering under his body, crying and begging for *more*. Will has never been so turned on in his life. He continues to take, to thrust into the very willing body and stoke the fire of their pleasure, he moves how he pleases and watches the boy become more and more desperate. When he hears his lamb start to make small hitching moans, his head thrown back as he clutches the sheets, and he suddenly stops. He buries his cock deep inside Will's warm, slick body and stills, sushing the sweet boy when he begins to cry - small tears of frustration leaking from his eyes.

"Oh, sweetling, don't cry."

"Please, my monster," he sobs as he circles his hips in a desperate attempt to make Will move, "please, I'm so close."

"I know, my little lamb, I know, shhh." he strokes his sweat damp curls and kisses him gently, cooing softly when his boy mewls imploringly against his lips. "I'm not stopping, sweet boy."

He looks into those glassy eyes and nuzzles their noses, then he grabs Will firmly by the hips and rolls so that he is the one laid against the bedspread. Young Will looks down at him with surprise, both because of the change in position and the fact that his cock had not slipped out during the sudden movement.

Will grins up at him and kneads his thighs, "I want you to ride me, my lamb."

When the boy doesn't move, still too shocked and shy to take control, Will smirks and grinds up into him, using pleasure to jolt him out of his daze. "Come on, sweet lamb, *take* what you want." he goads.

After a beat the boy smirks down at him and clenches around his cock, Will throws his head back and moans which melts into a delighted laugh. "Good boy."

Words are lost to him when young Will begins to move, experimentally rocking and circling his hips, lifting himself and dropping down onto his cock. He says nothing as his boy explores and finds an angle he likes, he simply watches him in approval letting himself be a conduit for his lust and a tool to satisfy it.

The younger man begins to rock his hips consistently, sliding onto his cock at a steadily increasing pace as he settles into the position and begins to lose himself to pleasure. Will allows himself to submit to it too, giving himself over to the ecstasy rolling in his blood. The room becomes a chorus of moans, the air thick with heat and the scent of sex, heady and intoxicating as they rush towards their climaxes once more.

Will stares up at his beautiful boy, "That's it, take what you want." he moans as Will moves with abandon, riding his cock with unbridled enthusiasm. "You don't have to be afraid of your desires, my lamb. Look at them, listen to them. Embrace them, embrace *me*." he hisses as nails dig into his chest, whining as they cut into his flesh and draw blood. "You are magnificent, ma moitié, the radiance of your becoming will be blinding."

The boy looks down at him, his cheeks flushed and blue eyes ablaze with arousal, a beacon of desire and need. Will's fingers grip his thighs no doubt leaving bruises as he continues to move over him, he sighs a soft moan when the boy strokes one hand down his chest to rest over the smile on his belly - one hand on Will's heart and the other on his scar. Will's heart squeezes as his lamb smiles at him, sweet and fond, then whispers "*We* are *beautiful*."

The sound he makes can only be described as a sob as the words wash over him, warm and comforting, a blanket of welcoming that pulls him in. The words have pushed him to the knife's edge and he needs his boy to fall with him, he thrusts up into him as he strokes his cock, "Come for me, my lamb." he growls and their twin moans echo in the room as they crash into eclipsing ecstasy together.

In the aftermath young Will collapses against his chest, both of them panting harshly as their blood races and their hearts pound thunderously in their chests. He nuzzles his lamb's dark curls and strokes his back as they slowly drift down from their high, he smiles to himself when the boy buries his head in his neck and presses closer.

As the air in the room slowly chills their hearts become steady once more, the exhilaration of their orgasms plateaus into an endorphin induced relaxation. His boy makes a displeased sound when Will's cock softens and slips from him, followed by a trickle of cooling cum, Will just hums and strokes his back soothingly. The younger man shifts to lie beside him and snuggles into his arms, burrowing into his chest and winding his arm around his waist. Will can't help the smile on his lips and the flicker of warmth under his ribcage as he is embraced, this is an intimacy he has dearly missed.

His lamb sighs in contentment and murmurs, "You'll stay with me, my monster?"

He pulls the boy impossibly closer, curling his body around him, "Ma moitié, we will never be parted again."

He feels the younger man's happy hum vibrate against his throat, his pulse thrumming beneath his lips. He pulls a blanket over them and buries his nose in his boy's hair, the familiar scent of their old shampoo washing over him. In the comforting lull of the night he and his other half fall into a calm and, for once, peaceful sleep.

Before Will even opens his eyes he knows, just by the feel of soft sheets and the plush mattress beneath him, that he's in his bed in Cuba. He blinks up at the ceiling, the shadows of trees still play above him but they have begun to change, turning pale with the early dawn light. His eyes dart around the room and snag on the blood stained white shirt that hangs over his chair. He shifts and his skin feels tacky with blood, sweat and cum, he licks his bottom lip and hisses as he swipes over broken, sore flesh.

He breathes deeply and allows himself to take stock of his body and mind - he feels satisfied and satiated. Then his breath catches, he waits for several moments but his mind remains quiet - the voices have fallen silent, the rushing ocean storm of his mind has settled into smooth, gentle waves. He stutters out a breathless laugh, for the first time since he crawled onto the shore after his rebirth from the sea he feels stable.

He doesn't know if what he experienced was a dream or reality but in this instance he finds he doesn't care. It doesn't matter if what happened was real or a fantasy, he gave himself something that no one before Hannibal had ever been able to provide, affection and acceptance, and he was able to do it with a degree of warmth and tenderness. He was able to reconcile with himself, the monster and the man, the two halves of himself finally connected and at peace with each other. For the first time in his life he feels *whole*.

Chapter End Notes

Terms of endearment :

Sweetling - a small, sweet thing
Mon loup - my wolf
Ma moitié - my other half

I originally intentionally wrote this fic to be ambiguous as to whether Will is just dreaming or if he has travelled back in time. I like both scenarios and couldn't choose so decided to write it in a way where the reader could decide for themselves.
As the idea evolved for chapter 2 I decided that this was all happening inside Will's mind.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

After suffering a cold Will finds himself disconnected from his monster, so he goes looking for him.

Chapter Notes

A little explanation before diving into chapter two.

The original idea for this fic was to leave it ambiguous whether it was a dream or time travel but since then, in conversations with Nunar, it was developed into something more.
The first chapter was a dream, it happens inside Will's mind, which is where all interactions between the two Will's take place.

Now, Will. For this fic there is essentially three versions of Will - the whole Will, who has accepted all parts of himself good and bad: then the embodiments of the two extreme versions of himself, Lamb and Loup, Will at his softest and most vulnerable, then Will at his most primal and monstrous.

I will also refer to Lamb as younger and Loup as older because Will's light and dark manifest as himself at different times in his life - Season 1 and Season 3. Plus it helps differentiate which Will I'm talking about, which is also why I use Lamb and Loup in place of Will quite a bit too.

This fic is exploring the idea of Will's dual self and having fun with it, playing with the idea of Will using his own mind palace to be at peace with himself and find some comfort.

Okay, with that done, enjoy!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will lies in his bed staring vacantly up at the ceiling, watching the shadows of birds dancing above him as his breath shakes and his body shivers despite the sheen of sweat sticking to his hot skin. He can hear the whoosh of pulsing blood in his ears, similar to the rhythmic throb of an ultrasound scan, and all other sound is muffled as if he's underwater. His mind feels suffocated beneath an immovable headache. He's left feeling disconnected from himself as his body is thrown into disarray from this harsh, persistent cold that plagues him.

It was stupidity, really, that led to this. He remembers standing in the cool river for hours and not moving from his spot when it started raining. Water had soaked the curls at his nape, rivulets of water cascading down his neck and sneaking under his shirt until the chill seeped into his skin and made a home in his bones.

He groans as he shifts and his aching joints protest, he swallows harshly in an attempt to wet his parched throat and dry mouth. He hears the echoing thud of footsteps and turns to look at the door where Hannibal is standing, merely observing him for a moment before walking into the room. Hannibal carries a tall glass of water in one hand and it's all Will can focus on, he cranes his neck eagerly and sucks on the metal straw. He makes a rough noise of relief as cold water floods his mouth and soothes his throat. After he's drunk almost half the glass he collapses back on the pillow and pants shallowly, casting Hannibal a soft, exhausted half smile. Unexpectedly Hannibal's expression doesn't change, instead it looks a little pinched, hard around the eyes. That's when Will finally notices that Hannibal has been holding his right hand behind his back.

“Will,” Hannibal calls, low and gentle, “I want to give you some intravenous treatment, I know that will be stressful for you so I'm going to sedate you.”

Hannibal kneels beside him and rubs his thumb at the crook of Will's elbow. Will's heart picks up in his chest and he slowly starts shaking his head, he can do nothing but watch as Hannibal flicks the syringe, his body heavy and slow. He begins mumbling incoherently as the needle inches closer. The room seems to melt, the comforting soft duck egg blue paint swirls into those familiar cool bone china walls he spent so much time staring at all those years ago. The room twists and flickers between his bedroom in Cuba and Hannibal's Baltimore office, his breath hitches with a high noise of distress as he feels the sharp pinch of the needle. He trembles but this time it's not because of his fever, his clumsy hands try to push Hannibal away. The ache in his head pulses sharply and his mind feels chaotic, like a raging sea crashing against the jagged rocks, leaving him adrift and trying desperately to tread water.

Hannibal leans over him, his face carefully blank and Will can't tell if the man before him is *his* Hannibal or the Hannibal who induced his seizures - they look terrifyingly identical. The visage of Hannibal swirls inwards, his face split in two and blurs in the middle. He can hear the seemingly far off murmur of a deep voice attempting to soothe him but the words evade him. Will feels hot tears slip down his temples as darkness crowds in at the edges of his vision until he falls beneath black waves and everything goes silent.

Will regains consciousness slowly, he sluggishly becomes aware of his limbs again and can see the light of the room beyond his closed eyelids. He licks his lips and swallows, his throat feels less sore than he expected and the throbbing in his head has dulled. He grimaces at how dry his mouth feels and the faint metallic taste that lingers on his tongue. He opens his eyes and quickly takes stock of himself and the room, noticing the drip attached to his arm which he does not rip out despite the almost overwhelming urge to do so.

“You're awake.”

Hannibal's voice startles him and he can't help the way his body tenses reactively, carefully watching every move Hannibal makes and flinching away from his fingers when he tries to take Will's pulse. The flash of hurt is quick and fleeting over Hannibal's face but he sees it nonetheless and it makes his chest tighten. In an attempt to ignore that squeezing guilt he casts his gaze to the clear bag of fluid hanging above him, following the tube down to the point where it attaches to the needle buried in his skin.

“I've been giving you IV therapy to help you recover faster.” Hannibal carefully sits in the chair that has appeared beside his bed. “It's a combination of electrolytes, nutrients and minerals along with paracetamol for your pain and fever. I have also been continuing to administer small doses of sedation, sleep will help you recover and I know that this situation would be more stressful for you otherwise.”

Will just nods briefly and avoids Hannibal's gaze, choosing instead to look at his fingers that pick nervously at the sheets. He feels drowsy and tired despite only just waking up, he huffs a scoff knowing it's the pull of sedatives. He knows why Hannibal is sedating him, to have Hannibal injecting him while his mind is fogged with cold would no doubt keep triggering old memories, but he can't help the part of him that resents his actions anyway. Pulled between gratitude and bitterness under Hannibal's careful, clinical attention. He absently smacks his lips as he tries to wet his mouth.

“Will.”

He looks over to Hannibal and watches the man crack open a bottle of water then slide a straw into it before offering it to him. The little show is for Will's benefit, to demonstrate that the water is not tampered with which is funny if Will thinks about it because Hannibal wouldn't need to bother tainting his water when he's hooked up to an IV he has exclusive control over, but he appreciates Hannibal's efforts to soothe his anxiety nonetheless. He leans forward and drinks greedily, once he feels like he's washed away the copper taste in his mouth he collapses back with a shuddering sigh.

“Thank you.” he rasps, his voice gravely from disuse.

“You're welcome.” Hannibal replies. The older man reaches out slowly as if to touch his hair and Will flinches back, hissing when the sharp movement causes a bolt of pain to shoot up his neck and into his temple. Neither say anything as awkward silence stretches between them, rejection hanging in the air. Hannibal places his hand in his lap, clenching his fingers for a moment before he stands, “I'll leave you to rest.” and then he walks out the door.

Will breathes out and feels a little tension leave his body. He stares at the ceiling as sleepiness pulls at his cotton stuffed head once more and he allows himself to slip under as he drowsily watches shadowy antlers creep across the walls.

Will recovers quickly after receiving IV therapy, he's relieved when he is finally free of the aches, fever and lingering headache. But while he might be free from his awful cold he isn't himself. Ever since his mind began to clear he's taken to wearing his glasses, especially in the presence of Hannibal and he knows the older man feels slighted by the sudden retreat yet he can't help but *need* his shield. Logically he knows he trusts Hannibal, that he doesn't need his

barrier with him but the compulsion to cling to his armor is too strong to resist. He can feel the disconnect in his mind, the blank blurry spaces where pieces of himself should be but have faded like a memory long since past. He is missing his Loup, his monster. The other half of himself swarmed and buried by the negative memories and emotions triggered by his illness. Now he needs to get him back.

Will lies in his bed, it seems that he spends most of his time in bed gazing at the ceiling recently. Since it happened Will has thought a lot about his encounter with his doppelganger and came to realise that what occurred must have taken place inside his head, deep within the palace his mind is still building. His memory palace constructing itself with his old house, his little safe haven, at the center of it - which is where he can find the extreme versions of himself. He knows that last time his other half found him within a dream by accident, but now he needs to find him deliberately. He closes his eyes and breathes steadily, he concentrates on the darkness and tries to move through it.

A familiar golden light sweeps over him.

Will feels a chill creep over his skin and frowns, he opens his eyes and sucks in a sharp breath. His little boat on the ocean. He stands in the field and a smile tugs at his lips as he simply stares at his old house, the structure illuminated with soft evening sunlight. He walks towards the house and feels his heart flutter when he spies movement inside, he picks up the pace and almost jumps up the porch steps to the front door. He pushes the door open and beams.

“Hello, sweetling.”

Will walks into the other man's open arms and sinks into his warm embrace, the older man makes a small disapproving noise and he tenses. Then nimble fingers pluck the glasses he'd forgotten he was wearing from his face and Loup tosses them carelessly onto their fly tying desk. He is then pulled into a tight hug, he nuzzles into Will's neck and takes deep lungfuls of his woody spice scent. He sighs in contentment as a strong, sure hand pets his hair and rubs the nape of his neck, lips pressed against his curls.

“Did you miss me, Lamb?” he asks, his voice rumbling smoothly near his ear.

“Yes.” he answers in a soft breath, pressing into his warm body and tightening his hold on him. He grins with delight as he feels Will's deep hum of answering contentment vibrating against his chest.

He feels the other man squeeze him then he murmurs so quietly Will can only just hear the words, “Thank you for coming for me.”

He frowns lightly and pulls away from Loup’s shoulder to look at him, his chest tightens when he sees fear in those ocean eyes and he knows that emotion. The fear of being abandoned, of being left behind, of being alone in the darkness. He places his hand on Will's cheek and tenderly strokes his thumb over his cheekbone, briefly caressing the small scar beneath his neat stubble, his heart aching for them both.

“Always.” He says with unwavering conviction. “I know I tried to deny you in the past but no more. You are a part of me, I want you to be a part of me, I'm not whole without you.” He smiles warmly as Will gazes at him with watery eyes. “I will never leave you again, not by choice.”

The other man grips his wrist and presses into his palm almost desperately in his unexpected raw vulnerability. He leans in and kisses Loup softly, a chaste press of lips that turns into the most gentle kiss he's ever experienced. When their lips part they press their foreheads together and simply breathe in tandem for several comfortable, quiet moments.

He starts raining kisses on his monster's face - fluttering kisses over his cheeks and to his temples, to the tip of his nose, along the length of his jaw and to his chin. He feels the rising need to give and receive attention and affection, his skin hunger raising its head with a vengeance. He nudges his nose under Will's jaw to kiss his Adam's apple, making little happy noises in his throat as Will tilts his head back to allow him full access to his bare neck. He stumbles as Will pulls him forward so he can finally close the door behind them, he clutches the older man's shirt in his hands to keep them pressed together.

He needs to be as close to him as he possibly can, he needs to feel the heat of bare skin and lose himself in Loup’s embrace - to truly feel as one again. He begins unbuttoning Will's shirt while the man walks them backwards, pressing almost frantic kisses to the skin of his chest as he exposes it. He is so intent on the freckled skin beneath his lips that he doesn't notice they have walked across the room to their bed and his head spins a little as Will grabs his hips and pushes him onto the bed. He breathes deeply and gazes up at the other man, licking his lips at his disheveled state - his shirt unbuttoned to his navel, the material wrinkled from his clinging fingers, his eyes blazing with desire. He shivers beneath the ravenous gaze, arousal pooling low in his belly as he watches Will remove his shirt and throw it carelessly to the floor, his now bare chest heaving slightly. He bites his lip and rolls his hips, his breath catching on a whine when Will growls.

“Undress for me, sweet boy.”

Will eagerly strips out of his clothes, Loup chuckles at his enthusiasm, and mere moments later he lays in the middle of the bed completely naked. His cock begins to harden as he watches Will slowly, teasingly slowly, push his trousers and underwear down his legs. He spreads his legs to welcome Will between them and the man prowls like a predator up the bed to lean over him. Will presses against him and shifts so their cocks lay heavily against each other on his stomach, he bites his bottom lip and quivers with excitement.

Loup rumbles a sound deep in his throat as he slowly strokes his hands down Will's thick thighs that rest over his own, then up over his hips. Will lays prone beneath him and sighs, reveling in the warmth of Loup’s slightly calloused hands. The other man touches him languidly, unhurriedly stroking the planes of his body from hips to collarbone. Will sighs deeply and caresses Loup’s forearms, both of them basking in the heated intimacy of simply being with and touching each other.

He moans breathily, a low humming pleasure sparks over his skin and begins to sink into his flesh. Will touches his belly then splays his hands over his ribcage, his wandering hands lazy in their exploration.

He pushes into Loup’s hands, yearning for more but the man simply ignores him and continues his slow petting. Will makes a high, needy sound in the back of this throat and begs, “Touch me more, my monster, please.”

The man above him smirks, his eyes turning dark and dangerous, “You remembered,” he purrs. “Good boy.”

He breathes shakily as Loup pushes two firm fingers up his sternum, tracing the valley between his pecs, then he sweeps his fingers down and under to lightly cup his chest but deliberately does not touch his nipples. Loup gently squeezes his pecs, almost kneading the flesh and muscle, he keens at the attention and his nipples begin to stiffen. In between massaging his chest Loup allows his fingers to brush Will's areola, he gasps when the fingers come so close to his tingling nipples but misses them, his body electric with anticipation.

Loup coos at him, “Oh, my dear little lamb, you're so sensitive.”

Will looks at the man and with a sliver of brazen bravery he reaches up to brush a thumb over Loup’s erect nipple which makes the man hiss. “*We’re* sensitive.”

“Cheeky boy.” he growls but his tone is clearly pleased. Loup then swoops down and bites his left pec, Will's almost smug smile falls from his lips and he arches up with a groan.

Loup presses his lips to odd places on his chest, littering his skin with chaste kisses, and it's only after a few moments that Will realises he is kissing his freckles. He rolls his lips between his teeth and feels his cheeks flush, he turns his head to press into the pillow as faint shy embarrassment washes over him. No one has ever taken the time to kiss the individual freckles and moles on his chest before and the unexpected attention makes him want to squirm. Loup holds him firmly in place and continues kissing the constellations on his skin, ignoring Will's bashfulness and continuing as he pleases. Will can't help but feel cherished by the attention, he smiles to himself and spreads his hands over Loup’s shoulders to feel the muscles shift beneath his touch.

Once Loup is satisfied that he has kissed every freckle on Will's chest he leans to hover his mouth above Will's skin, making it damp with his hot breath. Will shivers and presses his head back into the pillow so he can luxuriate in the simmering pleasure buzzing through his veins and the scorching air being exhaled over his chest. Loup moves his mouth over his nipple, his breath making Will's erect nipple stiffen and Will emits a short, high whine at the sensation. His body tenses as he waits for the feeling of Loup’s mouth on him but it doesn't come, he mewls in frustration and arches his chest.

“Mon Loup, please.”

The man blows cool air over the same nipple and Will's body tightens like a bowstring at the sudden and intense change of temperature, it sends a bolt of pleasure to his hard cock.

He moves to the other nipple and murmurs “Patience, sweetling.” and Will can almost feel the vibration of the words on the air that washes over the taut, pink bud.

Will screws his eyes shut and nods a little, surrendering completely to Loup knowing the man will bring him almost unbearable ecstasy. Praises are whispered into the dip between his pecs, sweet words uttered with a teasing lilt that makes Will blush. He moans loudly when the tip of a scorching hot, wet tongue traces around the edge of his areola. Loup flicks his tongue against his nipple and he can feel his cock pulse painfully.

He reaches up to fist his hands into the pillow as Loup begins feasting on his chest. A constant stream of whines and moans fall from his red lips, Loup flattens his tongue as he licks each nipple in turn and then blows cool air over them which makes the skin contract with a pinch. The older man wraps his lips around a nipple and sucks, Will's back bows off the bed and his mouth falls open at the sudden shock of pleasure. He makes small sobbing noises as Loup suckles his nipples, the nubs feel sore and tight but it is so overwhelmingly good that he doesn't care, the prickles of pain sweetening the pleasure. He groans and curses, grinding his hips against Will's, his cock throbbing and leaking where it lays on his stomach.

“Oh, *fuck*.” he cries as Loup gentle bites his nipple, the sharp nip making fire burn in his blood.

Loup rolls one nipple between his teeth while he pinches the other between his thumb and forefinger, small hitched sobbing moans spill from Will's throat. His whole body is alight with pleasure, it spreads over him and makes his skin tingle. Loup swirls his tongues around the nipple in his mouth then sucks harshly while he twists Will's other nipple and the building pleasure suddenly snaps. Will arches up into the man above him and makes a sound akin to a deep scream as ecstasy suddenly breaks over him in waves until he feels like he's floating. He can faintly hear Loup whispering to him but his ears are thrumming with his thundering pulse. He whines faintly as the crest of pleasure finally starts to ebb, his body trembles and he squirms a little as he registers the feeling of cum cooling on his belly. He looks down at himself; his chest is flushed pink, his nipples are red and wet, and his softening cock lays in a puddle of his own cum.

After taking stock of himself he gazes up at Loup and groans at the sight, the man is leaning over him and furiously stroking his own cock. He watches raptly, his eyes rovering over the other man's pleasured snarl, his flushed skin and his red cock.

“Christ, Lamb, that was so fucking hot.” he moans out, “I'm close.” he hisses between clenched teeth.

Will reaches up eagerly and thumbs Loup’s nipples, enjoying the way his panting hitches at the touch. He rolls a nipple between his fingers and then pinches hard. He gasps as Loup moans, a deep guttural sound, and hot cum splashes in ribbons across his chest. Loup’s body slumps a little and he shivers in the aftermath, he milks his cock so that beads of cum drip onto Will's belly and spent cock, he hisses and finally lets go as the flesh turns sensitive.

Will strokes Loup's shaky arm and smiles when pleasure drunk eyes meet his and a small smile graces the other man's lips. Loup hums and reaches out to drag his fingers through his own cum on Will's chest, spreading his seed over the skin.

“This is a good look on you, my sweet Lamb.” he rasps, “Marked.” He rubs cum over one of Will's abused nipples and he trembles, “Owned.”

Will leans up and kisses the man, briefly licking into his mouth before withdrawing and says, “Yours.”

Loup hums, pleased and relaxed, a low rumbling noise that sounds like a happy growl his name sake would make. He burrows his head into Will's neck and lays on him, his body pressing him down like a heated blanket and it's wonderfully comforting. Will clings to him, feeling needy for the heat and embrace of the other man. He nuzzles into neat waves of hair and closes his eyes, allowing himself to relax with the reassuring weight of his other half pressing him into the bed.

Chapter End Notes

I do also have some ideas to expand this into a series, the continuation fic I have planned will be focused on how this (Will's duality in his mind) helps Will move forward with his relationship with Hannibal.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!